













THE HERALD'S HARP.



FOR ZION'S HERALD.

INVOCATION.

Jesus, full of condescension,  
Thou who didst for sinners die,  
When thy worthy name I mention,  
And before thee prostrate lie,  
O then, hear me,  
From thy dwelling-place on high.  
When my sinful inclinations  
Cause me far from thee to stray,  
When beset with strong temptations  
I forsake the narrow way,  
Oh, reclaim me;  
Help me then to watch and pray.  
All thy fatherly correction,  
Fraught with sorrow, pain or care,  
Coming from thy pure affection,  
Help me patiently to bear,  
Till my spirit  
Finds a sweet relief in prayer.  
In affliction's trying hour,  
Worn with grief--by sin oppress'd,  
When the skies around me lower,  
Let me lean upon thy breast;  
Oh, support me,  
Thou canst give the weary rest.  
For the blessings thou hast granted,  
May my heart with thanks overflow.  
May the love thou there hast planted  
Up to full perfection grow;  
Then with angels  
I shall all thy fulness know.

MALDEN. W. B.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND, WITH A POCKET TESTAMENT.

The charter of a nation's weal  
Is dear to every patriot heart;  
And he that scorns its sacred seal,  
In freedom's flame can share no part.  
To young desire how choice the deed  
That crowns the wishes of the heir;  
How earnest in his anxious heed  
That taught shall be the bequest impart.  
But dearer than the chartered scroll  
That stamps a rising nation free--  
Dearest than riches to the soul  
Is the bequest of Deity.  
This guides the weary wanderer's way--  
This tells of a Redeemer's name;  
And he that on its truth doth stay,  
Shall smile when worlds are wrapt in flames.

FROM THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

STANZAS.

Where shall the weary rest?  
The wanderer find a home?  
By care and toil oppress'd,  
Benighted, 'midst the gloom,  
There shall no comfort be;  
Find refuge or relief  
In this lone, cheerless wild  
Of bitterness and grief?  
Though friendship's tear and smile,  
May cheer and warm the heart,  
These joys but sooth awhile,  
For smiles and friends--depart.  
Then where, O where is rest?  
Where, where is quiet known?  
I'll lean my head on Jesus' breast,  
This shall be my home.  
I'll freely give my love,  
And heart, dear Lord, to thee--  
Thou'rt my friend and my love,  
Thou'rt my "remember me."  
Then, then in quiet skies--  
My every sin forgiven,  
I'll wipe my weeping eyes,  
And find sweet rest in Heaven.

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A death bed scene is contemplated by most men with additional horror when it is heightened by the miseries and agonies of a human being writhing under the lashes of a guilty conscience, and expiring under the manifold displeasure of God. Truly nothing can be realized on these broken and eventful shores of a more fearful and heart-rending nature, than the sight of a fellow being shuddering over the deep waters of the eternal world, and already full of unutterable imaginings. Such are chased out of the world by the fiends that have long held possession of their hearts. They are driven away by the rod of vengeance that they had long despised--taken in the snares of their own setting, and in the hour they had covered with the curtains of pleasure and ease.  
The life of a wicked man is often a life of gayety, thoughtlessness, and presumption; but his death is an awful scene of horror and misery. No light from heaven irradiates his dying moments. It is all thick darkness. The past, the present, the future--all, all, above, beneath, and around him, are encircled with Egyptian darkness.  
"How shocking must thy summons be, O death, that thou that art in ease in his possessions;  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unprepared for the world to come."  
But O, what a different scene opens to our view, in the death of the truly pious? To them he is no unwelcome visitor: they tremble not before him. His sting is taken away, and they can cry out in holy triumph, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory?" Their sins trouble them not--they are blotted out of God's book of remembrance: they are buried in the sea of forgetfulness. Their skies are clear; for the Sun of Righteousness hath chased away every cloud, and beams forth joy and gladness upon their souls. The atmosphere is pure and pleasant; for angel bands fill the ambient air, and the sweet breezes of paradise already breathe softly upon their sinking spirits. The prospect before them is transcendentally glorious; faith expands their vision, and hope beautifies the surrounding scenery, and love stands at the very gates of the celestial city, ready to accompany the ransomed prisoner into its mansion of blessedness. No convulsive shiverings agitate those who are dying in the Lord. There are no indications of a soul sinking under the pressure of despair, and racked with the throes and sufferings of a perdition anticipated and begun. Nor that the righteous all experience the same uninterrupted felicity, the same clear sunshine in their last struggles with death. Few, however, but can say, in the hour of agony, "I

know in whom I have believed." "For me to live in Christ, to die is gain."

These thoughts have been elicited by a very unexpected, though remarkably triumphant death that has lately taken place in this town.  
LYDIA JOY was in the bloom of life, only 21 years had rolled over her. She was a professor of religion, and from the time her heart was changed by divine grace, she manifested in her general deportment that her conversion was genuine. Being naturally bashful and retiring, but few realized her worth so soon as they probably would had she been more forward and assuming. She was not possessed of very shining qualities; nor did she appear at any time during her Christian race greatly engaged in religious exercises. But there was the King's daughter, all beautiful within. She was like the King's daughter, all beautiful within. Adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, she passed along through the walks of life like one for whom its vanities and trifles were never made; and evidently intent on the more durable treasures she had laid up in a better world.

She was taken ill on the Sabbath day. The morning rose full upon her in all its beauty and richness, bringing along with it all its smiling, all its little children in the Sabbath School. There, while pouring into their ears the endearing lessons of her beloved Lord, the sickness of which she died seized her. So true is the saying, "In the midst of life we are in death." I recollect well how she looked that holy day, the last she ever saw in God's house. She lingered for a fortnight in the most excruciating pain, and visited her several times during that time. At first clouds and darkness appeared before her eyes; for she reflected upon her unfaithfulness. Sickness is always sure to bring us fully to our senses. When pressed down by its presence we then see the world in its true colors, and wonder that we could have been so much taken up with its flattering voice, and hollow promises, and fading loves. So thought Lydia's mother, and her sister, and her friends, who were gathered round her bed, and saw her pure spirit long to mourn his absence. He soon came to her relief, and spoke comfortable words to the sainted one.

Many of us know what a severe trial it is to be bereaved of our precious children, and we have had our friends torn from us and our hearts left bleeding and mangled; and we have said we never could bear separation. So thought Lydia's mother, and it afflicted her sore, that her parents would not give her up to her heavenly Father. Nay, she could find no rest till her mother in a burst of agony said, "I'll give you up, my dear child--the Lord's will be done." Then, yes, it was then that Lydia raised herself on her bed and clapping her hands, uttered a shout of triumph. The next day she breathed her last, and now sleeps in Jesus. Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers. J. N. M.

DECEASED, N. H. July, 1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

Dear Brother,--By inserting the following short biographical account of a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, you will oblige those readers of the Herald who reside in this part of the country.

Respectfully, Z. PADDOCK.

Utica, N. Y. July 14, 1826.

SETH SMITH, the subject of the following memoir, was born in Hartford, Conn., on the 17th of April, 1772. At what period he removed to this part of the country, I have not the means, at present, of knowing. My acquaintance with him commenced in the summer of 1816, at which time a gracious word of God was prevailing in the town and neighborhood where he resided. He, with scores of his neighbors, bowed to the sceptre of mercy, and found peace in believing. Though, in point of morality, his previous life had been considered unexceptionable; yet, from that time he began, in good earnest, to lead a new life; to devote himself to God and his agreeable service. From the time he made a public profession of religion, to the day of his death, his conduct was so uniformly pious and consistent with the law of Christ, that no doubts were entertained, by his acquaintance, of the genuineness of his Christian experience. Such was the confidence reposed in him, by his brethren, that he was appointed a steward, in the Westmoreland circuit; which office he filled, to the satisfaction of the church, for a number of years, and to the day of his death. For the last two years, his health has been constantly declining. The nature of his complaint has not been defined by the physicians, and it is presumed that his disorder is not known. But whatever was the character of the disease, it gradually wasted the vital fluids, and exhausted the nervous strength, till his emaciated body no longer furnished a habitation for the immortal spirit.

The closing scene with brother Smith was just what would be naturally expected by those who were acquainted with his Christian character; it was triumphant; all, yea more--it was happy--it was triumphant. Like the Christian hero, calm and undaunted, he viewed the gradual, but certain approach of "the last enemy." Philosophy, with all her boasted power, never yet conducted any one of her blinded votaries with a thousandth part of the same ease down to "the dark valley."

As the angel of death, who for a long time was hovering about him, appeared, at seasons in the eye of hope, to be receding, both brother S. and his friends judged it their duty to do what they could to prolong his life, and restore his health. At length, however, all hopes of his final recovery were abandoned. Still, he did not feel that perfect detachment from the world, and entire willingness to leave these mortal shores, which he anxiously desired. In consequence of this, he requested a special prayer meeting at his house. Accordingly, a few select praying friends met, and supplicated a throne of heavenly grace in his behalf. God was entreated, and granted him complete victory--granted him all he desired! From this time, he was in a frame of mind, the most pleasant conceivable. He wore a constant, heavenly smile upon his countenance; and talked about death with as much composure as a man would talk about his friend. "Death, the last enemy," was, in prospect, fully vanquished; and his passage to the skies, appeared, in the strong eye of faith, perfectly unobstructed.

About a week before his death, a sister, who had called to see him, asked him if he did not feel disagreeable when he thought of not being able again to walk through his fields and to survey his possessions? He replied, "I do not wish to hear any thing respecting that; the enemy has been trying to trouble me about these things; but I have given them all up to the Lord." During his sickness he manifested the greatest solicitude for his family; and particularly requested his children to visit his grave (which was near his house) as often as once a week, that they might thereby be called to remembrance his advice and religious instruction. Next to his family, his brethren in the church, lay nearest his heart. One day he said, to a natural sister, "I hope you and the members in your society generally, will endeavor so to live that I may meet you all in the kingdom of heaven." A day or two before his death, he lay upon his bed, looking out at the door, and saw a cloud rising. "How beautiful," said he to his wife, "that cloud appears: I had hoped to be beyond it before this time!"

The day on which he died, he was well as usual, up, that he might sit in his chair. His wife expressed a fear that it might occasion him too much fatigue. "No," said he, "I am very happy in soul and body." Soon after this a young lady, residing in the neighborhood, called and said, Mr. S. you are very miserable. "O no," he replied, "I am very happy." After lying down, he said, "it will not be long before I shall meet my dear brother, in heaven!" alluding to a wor-

thy brother of his, who died about two years before, of nearly the same complaint. He lay composed, some time, when it was observed that he was fast falling, and his friends gathered around his bed. Fixing his eyes upon his brother, who stood at the foot of the bed, he said, "Brother, farewell!" which were his last words he ever spoke. After lying speechless a few hours, he died on Friday, about ten o'clock in the evening, the 9th of July, 1826, in the 50th year of his age.

Thus lived, and thus died a man, whose uniform piety, exemplary conduct, liberality to the poor, and in support of the gospel, render his loss to the church, and his family, a most irreparable loss. A funeral discourse on Heb. xiii. 14, was addressed to a large and weeping congregation, on Sunday the 9th inst. and his mortal remains deposited in the gloomy repository of the dead; there to remain till awaked by Gabriel's trumpet.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The female mind is naturally credulous, affectionate, and, in its attachment ardent. In every situation, her assiduity must, in my degree be culpable. Let us remember that this is but a frail vessel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is enrolled, may that sigh which was breathed for the misery of a fellow mortal waft away the scroll, and the tears which flowed for the calamities of others float the memorial down the stream of oblivion! On the errors of women let us look with the allowance and humanity of men. Enchanted woman! thou balm of life! soothing sorrow! solace of the soul! how dost thou lessen the load of human misery, and lead the wretched into the valley of delight! without thee, how heavily would man drag through a dreary world; but for the white hand of a fascinating female he twined around his arm, how joyous, how lightly doth he trip along the path!

The warm and tender friend, who in the most trying situations, retains her fondness, and in every change of fortune preserves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the best benison of heaven--the completion of earthly happiness. Let a man draw such a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the stream of existence with such a partner; neither the cold, averted eye of the summer friend, nor the frowns of an adverse fortune should produce a pang, nor excite a murmur. Ireland's Words.

A Mother to her Daughter, on Marriage.---You are now my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honorable protection, in the very bosom of the family, which you are now to leave. I fear not that, in consideration, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity. Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of your fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to Heaven itself for those rich talents intrusted to you. Care and your improvement; and though, in the hour of pleasure, or the whirl of passion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling child, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Religion never to be treated with levity.

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.  
Impress your minds with reverence for what is sacred--let not wantonness of youthful spirits, nor complacency with the impenetrable mirth of others ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is hereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which vainly seeks to make light of what the world of mankind revere. At the same time you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manner than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behavior. It is kind, and cheerful; far from that morose, that illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, consist in preparations for heaven with an honorable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion discover on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed to have your names making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

HAVE YOU EVER PRAYED?

I do not mean, Have you ever said your prayers? because that you do night and morning; but I mean, Have you ever really prayed to the great God with all your heart? I know not of a more pleasing sight, than a little child kneeling down and praying to God; and do you not think that he, who is so glorious, is very kind to listen to the petitions of children, and to lead a gracious ear to what they say? Now, if you are hungry, you go to some kind friend, and they supply you with food; if you require clothing, they give you; and many other things they do for you in the same way then you are to seek God, only it is to be with more reverence and more seriousness; and I can promise you, that if he sees it is useful for you, he will be sure to answer your requests: and always remember, that without loving prayer, you cannot go to heaven; but that if you hate prayer, you must go to hell.

A HASTY TEMPER CURED.

A little girl, who was very fond of reading, once met with a story of a person, who used, when about to get in a passion, to repeat all the letters of the alphabet; and was thus kept from giving vent to angry words. For by the time this gained for reflection, the passion was cooled. This little girl was very glad, when she read of a cure for passion; for she knew that it was wrong, and made her unhappy herself, as well as those around her. She had never yet been able to overcome her evil temper. She did not then know that she could not by her own strength root out evil out of her life; but she considered that if she ever she were able to refrain from saying unkind things, yet if she felt them, it was sinful in the sight of God, who looks upon the heart. But though she did not know the way to be good, she had a desire to be so; which was given to her by Him, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." When, however, she came to try the cure for passion, which the story told of, it did not answer. In the moment of anger, she had not patience to repeat the alphabet, and therefore she never got any good by it. It pleased God afterwards, to show her the right and the only way of overcoming a bad temper. He taught her that evil tempers proceed out of an evil heart; and that before the tempers can be made good, the heart must be changed. This she could not do for herself;

but she prayed to God to create in her a clean heart, and to renew a right spirit within her; and the Lord heard her prayer, for the sake of what Jesus had done and suffered for her. He graciously bestowed upon her "a new heart," inclined to love and obey him. He is always ready to bless little children, and to do them good, and he alone can make them good. "Come unto Him then, all ye that are weary" of your evil tempers, "and heavily laden" with your sins; "and He will give you rest."

SAILOR'S FRIEND.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS MESSENGER.

THE SEAMAN'S HYMN.

O, thou eternal, viewless God,  
That rid'st the stormy seas--  
Thou that controllest, with a nod,  
The billow and the breeze:  
Thy powerful arm alone can save  
Thy children on the deep;  
Can bear them o'er the curling wave,  
And down the threatening steep.  
Though stanch our bark, and proud her way,  
Though breezes swell the sails;  
Yet, Lord, if thou art not our stay,  
The seaman's courage fails.  
Be thou, O God! our kind support,  
Our earnest hopes fulfil;  
On the wide ocean or in port,  
Be thou our anchor still.  
May we escape the dangerous ground;  
And while thy strength we feel,  
Help us to keep each timber sound,  
With grace, our chosen keel.  
And, O! when near temptation's shoal,  
No beacon shining far,  
Cheer thou the seaman's nighted soul,  
With Bethlehem's holy star!  
Jesus! our helm, we look to thee,  
Nor shall we look in vain;  
From quicksands thou wilt keep us free,  
And guide us o'er the main.  
And soon--life's checker'd voyage o'er--  
When we have cross'd the sea,  
Grant that thy crew may tread the shore,  
Of blessed eternity.

Morality of Seamen.---It must be a gratifying circumstance to all friends of morality and religion, and generally to the citizens of this country, that the efforts lately made, to improve the minds and manners of the common seamen in American naval and merchant service, have proved greatly successful. The introduction of small libraries of books of an appropriate character on board our ships, and the establishment of religious services at regular intervals, have contributed in no small degree towards the wonderful change which has occurred during a few years past in the morals of that hard working and peculiarly situated class of our citizens. Mariners' churches under the direction of benevolent and zealous individuals have sprung up numerous in our seaport towns. These have assisted much in producing the result we have mentioned. It may now safely be affirmed that no country possesses more orderly, decorous, and moral seamen than are to be found in the American service at the present time. A striking instance of this may be found in a letter to an American missionary, dated the 10th of April last, from the crew of a vessel from Baltimore, then in the Pacific ocean, in which they feelingly state the anguish of their souls at hearing their commander blaspheme the sacred name of their Creator and blessed Redeemer, and beseech the missionary to join his prayers with theirs for the pardon and conversion of their much offending captain. The people of this country should cherish the spirit which has thus been awakened. Nothing can shed more lustre on national character than religion and morality.---Philadelphia Freeman's Journal.

ONE PENNY FOR SWEARING.

The crew of a certain vessel, after a very fatiguing day's labor, came on shore for refreshments. They were all sitting in one box, talking boisterously, when the elder of them, remarking to one of the crew that he had been worse in his habit of swearing, proposed a fine of one penny on every person who should be guilty of the same crime. This was received with approbation by them all, except by the individual who had been reproved, and whose conduct led to the measure. This unhappy individual swore he would not be restricted, but would have the liberty of speech this evening at least. Shortly after this as the companions, most of whom had been, while in port, regular attendants at meetings, he left them to cruise for a more agreeable mess. But how mysterious are the ways of God! His blasphemous lips were sealed in death that night; and his lifeless corpse was found next morning in the water. It is supposed he fell overboard during the night, when returning intoxicated to the ship! Here is another exemplification of the importance of giving seamen religious instruction.

THE GATHERER.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE SABBATH.

How pleasant and delightful to the humble follower of Jesus is the contemplation of the approaching Sabbath. When the business of the week is drawing to a close, and our minds experience a relief from the cares and anxieties of this inconstant life, what sensations of peace and gratitude do we feel to our Heavenly Father, for having appointed one day in seven to be devoted exclusively to him. Our reflections, too, must be solemn when we realize that another week has fled, never to be recalled.

How careful ought we to be in examining ourselves, whether our conduct and conversation has been such as the gospel requires--whether we have improved the precious moments allotted us to the honor and glory of God; making religion our daily business; scrupulously yielding to the emotions of the Spirit, and faithfully performing the duties devolving upon us. If so, with what composure can we recline our heads upon our pillow; and when we early rise and view the unwearied sun, how reviving and soul cheering is the anticipation of repairing to the house of God, there to meet his dear children, and mingle our friendly souls in prayer around the throne of the Most High. And while "we are yet speaking," answers of peace descend to our waiting souls. Could those who cast off fear and restrain prayer, realize for one moment the peace experienced by every child of God, they would undoubtedly say with the poet, "My willing soul would stay, in such a frame as this." Religion is not confined to the vale of tears. Religion purifies and refines the heart, enlightens the understanding, and prepares us to live righteously in this world and enjoy the presence of the blessed Redeemer to all eternity. E. T. B.

Coevery, July 28, 1826.

AN UNSEARCHABLE PROVIDENCE.

An anecdote of a public uncommon nature, says Mr. Otton, in which he was particularly concerned, de-

scribes to be related, as an evidence of his great benevolence, and for the sake of the useful reflection it makes upon it.---April 5th, 1741. At that time, on the 10th of April, 1741, an Irish Papist, convicted of the murder of Richard Bromley, of London, about two years ago. The evidence against him at his trial seemed full and strong; but it depended on the credit of an infamous woman, who had lived with him in adultery several years. There were some remarkable circumstances in the course of the trial, in which I thought the providence of God wonderfully appeared. The prisoner, long story of himself; but it was so ill supported, I imagine no person in court believed it. I visited after his conviction, with a compassionate view to eternal concerns; but instead of being able to persuade him to persevere in his conversion, I found him fixed in a most resolute denial of the truth of what he had told me. Having, however, he would give an account of the place and the persons with whom he was, when the case was committed, I was so struck with the affair, that I obtained time of the under sheriff to make inquiries to the truth of what he had told me. Having, however, he would give an account of the place and the persons with whom he was, when the case was committed, I was so struck with the affair, that I obtained time of the under sheriff to make inquiries to the truth of what he had told me. Having, however, he would give an account of the place and the persons with whom he was, when the case was committed, I was so struck with the affair, that I obtained time of the under sheriff to make inquiries to the truth of what he had told me.

These testimonies I had before me, and by whom was condemned for the delivery of the conviction in my conscience I believed, and had not to be innocent blood. But the judge did not himself warrant to reprieve him, as the prisoner given against him by the wicked woman was confirmed by two other witnesses; and because thought the most dangerous consequences attend such an examination of the affair as I proposed. To address the awful justice of the law, and the unwearied pains and zeal, both for the sake of his life, and the salvation of his soul, made the cause more affecting to me, was, that could be more tender than his expressions of grief, nor more cheerful than his hope of deliverance. Among other things, I remember he said, "Every drop of my blood thanks you." He might, before he died, have leave to kneel at the threshold of my door, to pray for me, and say, "You," said he, "are my redeemer, in one word, poor, impotent redeemer, and you have a right to my life, I am your property, and I will be a subject." The manner in which he spoke of it, promised himself of my friendship, if he were spared, was exceeding natural and touching. The whole, I never passed through a more interesting scene. I desire it may teach me the following lessons.---1. To adore the awful justice of the law, and the unwearied pains and zeal, both for the sake of his life, and the salvation of his soul, made the cause more affecting to me, was, that could be more tender than his expressions of grief, nor more cheerful than his hope of deliverance. Among other things, I remember he said, "Every drop of my blood thanks you." 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